

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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Charles L. Moore  
Editor

## How we get them on our String.

Ten minutes before I write this, Judge W. E. Bates, County Judge of Scott county, and consequently a Democrat, stopped me on the street, asked me to send him the Blue Grass Blade and stop in his office whenever I wanted the money. Last night I saw him in the Court House listening with profoundest interest to a red hot Prohibition speech from Prof. Rucker, in which the Professor told the people that politics had no religion in it was not worth a darn—or words to that effect.

The Judge said he had been reading the New York Voice.

You let a man read the New York Voice, and then hear Rucker talk Prohibition, and sit down calmly and prayerfully on a beautiful Sabbath morn and read one of my religious editorials, and he is just as dead sure to catch the Prohibition fever as you would be to catch the seven-year itch by sleeping with a man that had it.

I think Bro. Bates will get into the true fold in just about the right time to take one vote off the Democratic side and put it on the Prohibition side in November 1892.

## What the Blue Grass Blade Has Done.

After the fair, races, circus, dog show, and a Kilkenny political contest, a moral cyclone seems to have struck Lexington, and the preachers are preaching sermons, citizens calling through the papers, for a clearing out of the "African stables" that have produced a stench in the nostrils of good people. The City Council have closed up the pool rooms, the candidates for the city offices declare a new regime shall be inaugurated, and the air is full of reform. The Y. M. C. A. is lending a hand, and prominent divines are holding meetings for men only. This moral epidemic seems to be spreading and the question naturally arises who brought the infection into the Athens of the West? Any fair minded person will at once say the Blue Grass Blade wielded by that avowed infidel, who lives like a Christian, Charles C. Moore. If ever the city of Lexington tones up its morals to a healthy condition its good people should present Editor Chas. C. Moore with a gold box containing a document acknowledging him a public benefactor in fearlessly fighting the battle for sobriety, morality and pure living.—Vergennes Clarion.

## O. K. on Prohibition.

Every once and a while we receive congratulations that we did not combine with *The Blade*. We have heard that Moore has been crazy, that he is crazy, and that he will go crazy. We have known him from young boyhood, and lived not so very far from him for over twenty years, and the only thing we ever heard rather hard on him is, "that he couldn't preach." We never heard him try, and hence will not deny the allegation.

Do you remember a little story, about Lincoln and Grant? Grant in the field fighting and winning. Stay-at-home generals jealous of his rising fame, defaming him to Pres. Lincoln. Grant was charged with being a confirmed drunkard who ought to be discharged. Pres. Lincoln quietly listened and asked, "Do you know where Gen. Grant gets his whisky? He immediately added his reason, for the query, for the benefit of his auditors, "I want to buy some of the same whisky for my other generals."

So say we. We need more men like Moore, be they crazy or sane, in the Prohibition field. We want and need a whole Asylum like him turned free right here in whisky cursed Kentucky. Compare Moore's fearless and withering rebukes of churches for their compounding with the liquor traffic, with the "stilt tongues" of many preachers, on the most vital issues before the people.

In view of eternity, and the solemn warnings of God's book, and the responsibility upon the man in the pulpit, for the welfare of his fellow men's souls, we must conclude such preachers are deluded by the devil, are madmen,

are crazy. Compared with them, Moore's sanity looms up to heaven while theirs is not as high as a mole hill.

Moore is not mad, most noble Festuses. He is simply an intensely earnest man, fearlessly true to his convictions, and his convictions are true, on the Prohibition issues.—The Worker.

Every once in a while I receive congratulations that I did not combine with *The Worker*.

And yet Bro. Neal and I are scheming to extend the circulation of the Blade, as you will see from his article for the Blade, headed "A preacher's fund."

If I could just get him converted to heathenism and Woman's Rights he and I would be thoroughly congenial.

## "How Doth the Little Busy B."

All can name the man made famous by his use of three R's. Not the "Readin', Riten", and "Rithmetic" chap, but the "Rum Rome and Rebellion" after dinner orator Burchard. Now a *la* Bro. Burchard we suggest that the Blade, the BALLOT and the BIBLE, are our true weapons to use, especially in old Kentucky, to sweep out the vile saloon system. Three B's, this three, will set us free. So mote it be.—The Worker.

Well I'll be dogged if things aint changing around so that it's hard for me to tell which side of this Bible business I am on.

The editor of *The Worker* is a preacher who has had charge of a big Louisville church.

## My Presidential Prospects.

There is some talk of Mr. Chas. C. Moore of the Blue Grass Blade, going to be made the nominee of the Prohibition Party, for President. Is there anything in it? If there is you can just look out for Hail Columbia Happy land. Charlie is all right if he does get ice in Georgetown for nothing.—Georgetown News.

As to Presidential honors I believe I would decline in favor of some such man as St. John or Dickie or John A. Brooks; but I do not think any "cold water" man ought to beat the ice man, and my brother of the *News* would find upon investigation that I have paid my ice bills promptly. In only one instance have I ever gotten any ice in Georgetown "for nothing."

A few weeks since, when my son was sick in the night, and the ice dealers were closed up, I went to the Wells House to buy some. The clerk kindly got me an abundance of it, but declined to take any money.

## L. H. Hastings, in "The Hustler" on Moses and Ingersoll and Me—With a big M.

### MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.

Ingersoll on the "Mistakes of Moses," is not within a thousand miles of being an interesting and profitable reading as Moore on the mistakes of Ingersoll.

In fact Moore's shibboleth is Prohibition, with a big P at that, and he is ready on a minute's notice to turn old Bob Ingersoll out of his communion and fellowship, even if he, Ingersoll, is the prince of Rationalists and the modern Infidel King. The Blade is a rare jewel of consistency. But what of our modern church and religious papers? What papers would scold and blister, roast and fry a towering leader in their ranks, for his aid and comfort for the saloon system by his old party vote, as Moore scores his leader and, in some respects, his ideal of a man?

But to take up our starting thought a Boston man of international renown has taken "Infidel Bob's G." into hands with his gloves off. Hear him:

It would be interesting to hear a military leader and legislator, like "Moses the man of God," who after he was eighty years old, commanded for forty years an army of six hundred thousand men, emancipating, organizing, and giving laws to a nation which has maintained its existence for more than thirty stormy centuries give his candid opinion concerning "the mistakes" of a "Colonel" of a cavalry, whose military career is said to have included one single engagement, in which "he was chased into a hog-yard and surrendered to a boy of sixteen," after which, as soon as exchanged, he heroically, resigned his commission in the face of the enemy, subsequently turning his attention to managing swindling whisky

rings, discussing theology, defending scoundrels, blaspheming God, and criticising dead men who can not answer him.—H. L. HASTINGS.

Gentlemen, I'm umpiring this game, and you've got to tote fair. All of that's mighty nice for me, but don't you fool yourself. Bob Ingersoll has got four times as much brains as the Editor of "The Hustler," and my unknown brother, Hastings, and the "Boston man" and I, all put together, with Wendling—the "Mistakes of Ingersoll" man—thrown in for good measure.

And he has already done ten times as much good for the world as all five of us ever will do if we live to be a hundred.

I left the pulpit before I had ever heard of any man on earth named Ingersoll, because I saw that Colenso the English Bishop of Natal was dead sure right in saying the Pentateuch was wrong. I was regarded by my friends and neighbors as daft on religion until Ingersoll came to my rescue and I just handed my job over to Bob; and you know whether or not they have done him. The issue of The Hustler in which the above appears contains that old fake about Beecher telling Ingersoll that famous chestnut that has gone the rounds of the papers forty times, about a big strong bully knocking the crutches from under a lame man. Anybody that knew the two men would know it to be all poppycock. Ingersoll was too old a cheese to be fooled on that kind of a rat, and would have thought old Henry Ward drunk if he had tried to catch him with that kind of chaff, or salt on his tail.

I had talked with Ingersoll and heard him lecture, and then in a conversation with Mr. Beecher who had never at that time seen Ingersoll, told Mr. Beecher that Ingersoll would be a man after his own heart, and it was not long before Mr. Beecher met Ingersoll, and introduced him to an audience in Boston.

Beecher and Ingersoll were both equally great intellectually, and believed precisely the same thing. Beecher may have lied about what he believed, like he did in that "Kitty Fisher" racket he got into with Bessie Turner, but he and Ingersoll were just as congruous as two old coons, when you knew the "true inwardsness" of Beecher, as but few did, and the "true inwardsness" of Ingersoll as everybody did.

Beecher was just like Briggs and McQuary and Harper and Cave and Pentecost and Loramer, and every rascal of them is like that fellow in the hymn that stands "on Jordan's stormy banks" and "fears to launch away."

They all admire old Christopher Columbus who turned his prow straight across, while the other fellows were coasting around and watching the old land marks, but they remember the leaves and fishes, and the flesh pots and lentils and garlic and onions of Egypt, and they haven't got the sand in their craws, and old Bob has.

Grant's experience at the head of his army for a few years was nothing compared with the intellectual and moral racket that Ingersoll has gone through.

As to Ingersoll's military career I know nothing; but I think that the "Boston man" is simply shooting off his mouth, in all that racket he gives Ingersoll. Ingersoll is wrong on the liquor question, because he is not a pronounced Prohibitionist, as I have no doubt his heart, as well as his brain, dictates he ought to be. But when that is said of him the worst is said that can justly be said, that is a reflection upon his morals. His theology is a question of opinion, and as to what "blasphemy" consists of depends largely upon the judge and jury that try the case.

I must say that I do not see any ground for bouncing Ingersoll upon his liquor record in which his greatest sin is that he has been engaged in the "conspiracy of silence," as long as such men as Billy "Silvertongue" and Lyman Abbott remain undomesticated.

Lexington is chock full of "Christians" who would vote for Ingersoll for Mayor, before they would vote for any Prohibitionist in the town; and they went forget to tell you so.

As to Ingersoll's "criticising dead men who can't answer him" I never knew of his *adversely* criticising any dead man but Moses; and he has said some mighty pretty things about some other men that were dead.

Old Bro. Bob was as easy on Moses as he could be. To the best of my recollection I have ripped into old Bro. Moses sometime and said he was a fool or a liar. But Ingersoll has kindly alluded to Moses' ideas of cosmog-

ony and archeology and astronomy and chronology and geology and psychology and phlebotomy, and a whole lot of *ologies* and *isms* as the "Mistakes of Moses."

You never heard him say he was glad Moses was dead, and I have repeatedly said I was glad that David and John Calvin and Solomon were all dead.

They are the only three Bible characters that I can't swallow—that is so as to make them lie on my stomach.

I have been sucked in so often that I have always had a fellow feeling for Jonah, and I don't see how any man who ever plowed a mule can keep from sympathizing with Balaam.

## "About that Distinguished Judge who Threatened to kill You."

CLINTON, KY., Dec. 13 '91.  
MR. C. C. MOORE, Editor.

DEAR SIR—Your paper (The Blue Grass Blade) comes into our office regularly. I presume my friend J. D. Taylor is taking it.

To say the least of it, we appreciate it, and read it closer than any paper we take; among which are the following: The Courier-Journal, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, St. Louis Republic, New York Herald, The Voice, The National Economist, The Clinton Democrat, etc.

Now about the distinguished Judge who threatened to kill you, if you ever put his name in your paper again. I do not know who he is, nor do I care to know. One thing I do know, that in my estimation as a semi-Democratic Prohibitionist, he is so very small that if he were brought under the most powerful magnifying he would not appear larger than a fly—speak on the Western Hemisphere.

I have one thing to say; I admire your true manly courage, but I cannot conceive of the very potent fact, why and how you ever managed from "knocking all the face off of him."

For one to promulgate the principles that you do, and do it so fearlessly and unflinchingly, shows the very highest marks of true bravery and heaven born patriotism.

For a man to walk up to you and threaten your life on the grounds that that man did, shows not the slightest remembrance of bravery. But to the contrary depicts and paints in the most powerful and objective language known to the human race, the characteristics and qualities of real cowardice.

Man, when viewed in the light of his nobility and when contending for true patriotic principles, is the sublimest production of Divine creation. But when viewed in the light of one man accusing his fellow man on the street, and threatening to deprive and take from him that which can be given only by omnipotence, in Divine creation, is a scene of carnage, of savagery of heinousness, of bull-dogs, of bulls, and all that is "damnable in war and pusillanimous in peace."

Just continue the good work of putting hot coals of fire on these old sea-headed hypocrites, who sit in the front pews and Amen corners, on Sunday, and go out in the week and rob, by encouraging and selling this article which is now sapping the very life blood of our nation.

Every time you get on their toes they will squeal "enough." Now in conclusion about this Judge. I want to say that I would not know him from "Adam's off ox," and it may be that he never drank a drop of alcohol in his life, and if such be the case, on this one point he should be heartily commended, and I bid him God speed. But in the future he ought to stop and think over the fact that man is an intelligent being, that he is endowed with reason, and with judgment and that God created him one step above the lower animals, and man certainly ought to appreciate his Creator and reverence him for the very high standing that has been given to man in the animal world.

You are doing a noble work and I am sure that the intelligent public appreciate you.

Sincerely Yours  
JOHN T. EVANS.

Lest any should think that gentleman was prompted to write that letter from some personal consideration, I will say that I never heard of him in my life, until I got that letter.

I suppose I am what people generally mean when they call a man a "coward." I have no admiration even for military heroes, where men do violence under warrant of law, but when it is made an individual thing, and a man is

willing to do this as a personal matter, that trait of character excites my repugnance.

I want to tell of two instances of my life that most severely tried my courage. One of them I have alluded to before in the Blade.

I was on the banks of the Seine in the great, and then imperial, city of Paris. A man as large as I was was drowning in the river, having gone in to commit suicide, as I afterward found. In the agonies of death he called for help.

There was not a man in the city that knew my name, and I knew that if I were drowned no friend of mine would ever know what became of me. I saw that nobody else was going even to try to save him. I knew he was a Frenchman, and that under the most favorable circumstances I could talk but little French.

I did not have time to take off even my long tourist's coat I had to see and think all this in ten seconds and I was so far from the river that it would take a hard run before I could get to the water's edge. The expression "A drowning man will catch at a straw" flashed through my mind as I jumped into the river, deep enough to drown me the first plunge. I swam for the place where I had last seen him go down believing he would catch me with a death grasp, and believing the chances were at least one out of two that he would drown me. When I got to where I last saw him he was "out of sight." I swam around over the spot, and finally saw the top of his head I caught him in the hair and pulled it above water. He did not struggle or make any noise, and I was afraid he was dead, then I started to swim to shore, and I got there, and I had my man. My own breath was so nearly gone that I was almost gasping and could hardly get out of the water, but I dragged my man with me, and in that condition managed to draw him across the gunwale of a small boat with his head down, and the water poured out of his mouth, and I saw him draw a breath, and then I stopped to take a breath, and worked with him a little more and then I saw that he could breathe pretty nearly as well as I could, and then I set him up on a seat of the boat, and we both panted for breath. But after a while he said "Merci, merci, mille fois merci," and I have never forgotten it. I took a poor unhappy Frenchman home to his wife. She offered me a glass of wine, but I did not take it. I was more afraid of that little wine than of all the water in the Seine. When I remember how cowardly the newspapers described me as acting the other day, I can comfort myself by thinking of the words of that Frenchman, away on the other side of the ocean in 1865.

These Christian-people tell me that after death the nations of the earth will be brought to judgment. If I shall be called upon to plead my own case, I've got my little speech ready. It will be part English and part French. I am just going to say this: "For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." "Merci, merci, mille fois merci." And I will submit the case without another word.

But swimming for that man was not the severest test of my courage to which I was ever subjected.

One exceedingly dark, but hot summer night during the war, I was with the Confederate wounded and dying and dead on a battle field, in a dilapidated old log cabin, in a wilderness. There was not a woman anywhere near, and for the fevered and thirsty wounded we had no ice, and even common spring water was hard to get; it was so dry.

In the day time a drunken Yankee soldier had met me in a lonely place with nobody near us. I had no weapon. He cocked his Minnie rifle, and I recollect it now distinctly that I could see down the muzzle of it that it was nice and bright and in good order, while he discussed the propriety of killing me right there. I did not argue the case with him, but I remember distinctly that I did not feel any great dread.

But about midnight a poor fellow who had a minnie ball hole clear through him that had entered almost at the center of his chest and who died the second or third day after, said "Oh what would I give for some cold water."

I knew that down in a deep ravine some distance from the cabin there was a spring; but the trees and undergrowth were so thick that it was dark there even in the day time.

What few nurses we had were tired soldiers and they were tired and so stupefied with drowsiness and watching that I had dif-

ficulty to rouse one of them to watch that dying man while I went to the spring. I went into a little shed room and got a small tin bucket. There lay a handsome young Confederate officer. He was dead. He had asked that he might be buried without letting his father know what had become of him, for his father was a "Union" man. But I had cut a lock of hair from the young man's head and sent it to his father in a letter. (The day after I helped bury him in a grave that I helped dig, in the hard clay by the road side.)

I started out the front door of the cabin on to a little dilapidated front porch. Lying on a hard bench and with his head on a board that had one end propped up against the side of the house was a young Rebel soldier. A ball had struck him just below and in front of the ear, passed through, and came out at the corresponding place on the other side, and the jaw bone was broken on each side. It was a ghastly sight, for his chin had gone clear back to his throat. Before night he had asked me just to set a pan of water by him and said or wrote it, or signified it some how—I forget—that was all he would want for the night. He was sound asleep but groaning piteously, which he did not do when he was awake.

I stepped out into the pitch dark, and in a few steps passed close by where my brother-in-law, Maj. Thomas Y. Brent, had been the handsomest man in Morgan's command had lain dead, but little before that with a Minnie ball hole in his bosom. A little further on he lay buried in a box behind a little old stable under a pretty grape vine.

On a side of the road, the Confederate dead lay buried without any box even, in one big hole. Further on the Federal soldiers, who had been victorious were nicely buried.

With thoughts of this kind on my mind, and exhausted in body and brain and heart I started for that spring. I could only depend upon hearing the water fall over the rocks.

I thought I might fall over a precipice; but the thing which horrified me most was the idea of stumbling upon the body of some dead man, or possibly finding one who had crawled to that spring for water, and had died there. I knew there was but little probability of it, but I could not dispel the horror.

In all the experience of my life, I have never felt anything nearly so awful as the darkness and the silence of that place, save the trickling of the little stream from the spring.

I got the little bucket full of water and climbed back up the hill over rocks and fallen trees.

When I got back to the man for whom I had gotten the water, I found that the man whom I had set to watch him had gone to sleep and was lying across the helpless body of his dying comrade. I pulled him off. The wounded man said "Would I ever have believed that my own fellow soldier, could lie down and go to sleep on a man in my fix."

The man who threatened to kill me a few days ago was one whom I had complimented in print, as having been a gallant Confederate soldier.

Rev. R. B. Neal wants "a Preacher Fund" for the Blade.

I want to raise a fund to pay for three or four thousand extras of *The Blade* each week for at least a month. I want to send these extras to preachers all over the land. I have a good list now and can easily lengthen it to 5,000 names.

Moore's parodies and caricatures on Bible history, are so blunt, old and awkward, that they won't leave their faith in the Bible one bit, and his articles on Prohibition are so strong, unique and brilliant that they will do preachers more good than even the Voice.

So it is in order now for an extension fund for the Blade.

All receipts will be acknowledged in the Blade, and papers sent as funds permit.

Send in lists of preachers in your town and county.

Address  
R. B. NEAL,  
CENTERVILLE, KY.

The above is entirely the suggestion of Bro. Neal and I had no intimation of the proposition until I received the manuscript for the above.

I regard it as a very high compliment, and if friends see cause to assist the Blade in the way suggested by Bro. Neal I will try to be on my best Sunday behavior while writing for all of these gentlemen of the cloth.

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In wool, merino and cotton Underwear for Gents.  
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**Early Spring Woolen Dress Material.**  
Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettas just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

**WASH GOODS.**  
Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Ginghams in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

**LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE.**

Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair; worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hubbard Gown; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 85c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 22c; worth 40c.

Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 49c; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hose, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; We still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

## TOILET ARTICLES.

Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vaseline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes; only 10c per quart bottle.

**KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.**



Has a "Picnic" out of the Blade.

PILLAR POINT, N. Y.  
Dec. 11 91.

C. C. Moore Esq.  
DEAR SIR—Find enclosed \$1.00 which credit on my subscription to the Blue Grass Blade.

While I can hardly agree with your religious views, your principles on prohibition are sound, and your editorial comments really afford us a picnic, as you are saying so many good things.

Go ahead Bro. Moore, and don't let up a particle on the hypocritical ministers and church members who vote to perpetuate the old license party.

Long may you live to wield the keen Blade.

Yours Truly,  
D. W. GOULD.

Rev. Neal comments upon "The Pen's" Comment.

The Blue Grass Blade has risen from the dead. It could not lie still in its grave while the diabolical liquor traffic is abroad in the land. It made its reappearance on October 31st.—[The Pen.]

The Pen can't tell when a fellow is only resting—fighting for the second wind. The Blade is not dead—nor even taking a cat-nap. It was simply on the lookout for "posish"—that's all. If the Blade lives long enough there will be a funeral in the land.

The saloon chaps may prepare now to shed tears.—[The Worker.]

If editor Moore of the Blue Grass Blade and many of the Christian people of Lexington are to be believed, public morals at that city are at a discount. Sunday afternoon lectures have been delivered "to men only" by Prof. J. W. McGarvey, the Hon. J. H. Beauchamp, and the Rev. E. L. Southgate. These lectures are highly sensational and are the subject of discussion by the people and press of the city.—[Anderson News.]

Hard on Kentucky University.

(By Rev. R. B. Neal.)  
The following editorial clipped from the Octographic Review, bearing on mission work punctures where puncturing is needed. It also emphasizes the work The Blade is trying to do.

Just now it would seem to a man up a tree, and not very high up either, that the Blade is doing more work than the University and the churches combined to sweep Lexington clean of the saloons, that Talmage calls the "mouths of hell."

This work should be headed and lead most vigorously and most fearlessly by an open and avowed Nationalist, is a cutting comment on the "Christian manhood of the city."

No matter what Moore is; an infidel, Rationalist or Hottentot; he is simply leading along the line of Christian work. This is undeniable. That he ought to be a follower along this line of work is also unquestionable. The only way to make him a follower is to catch up with him and pass him, and keep ahead if you can. We want to see all the preachers start out in the race with him, for the honor of carrying the colors, in the grandly sublime and terrific combat with the liquor league powers of hell. But read the editorial.

"Still another objection is found in the strong drink traffic. Mahometanists have learned to call saloons by the dignified name 'Christian drinking houses.' Col. Childs, who was U. S. Consul to Siam, told me some years ago that one day he, in company with another, approached a Mahometan restaurant and remarked that he supposed that he could get something to drink. There upon he was promptly informed by the keeper of that restaurant that he was a Mahometan and 'handled no intoxicants.' But those heathen nations are now being filled with drunkards by our so-called Christian nations. From benighted Africa comes the petition to Queen Victoria that she will not permit her people to bring or send more strong drink into that dark region. While the gospel has not sufficient influence over our own people to put down or purge out the demon of strong drink, nor prevent our own people from corrupting and degrading the heathen by taking strong drink among them, how can we expect the gospel in our hands to convert them? At present the best we can do for the heathen is to work against the strong drink traffic in this country. Alcohol and opium which our boasted Christian nations have introduced among the heathen has done probably a thousand fold more toward cursing the heathen than the Bible sent from these so-called 'Christian nations' have done toward blessing them. Not long since a certain preacher whom I can name went to Lexington, Kentucky, where the great 'Christian University' (so-called) has long been established, and he found the city of Lexington as full of saloons as the devil could wish.

That preacher decided that if such a University had no more moral influence in a city as small as Lexington, it certainly is not a wholesome place for young men. Where strong drink flows all other iniquity may be found. But the condition of things in Lexington is mentioned to show that in such a center of enlightenment there is not sufficient moral and religious force to purge out the curse of curses.—STRONG DRINK.

It is just such Christian doings, or "not doing" as indicated above that make Moore border on profanity sometimes when he thinks over it.

Take Georgetown. The saloons have more power than churches and colleges combined. Let a contest come for Local Option. Temperance forces are snowed under every time, and deep as that.

Put a Mahometan in the place of every Christian, and let each one of them be as poor as old Elly's mule, and the saloons would be avenged out of existence, too deep even to be heard from.

What is the matter with professed Christians? Too much theory and too little practice. The faith in the Trinity etc., may be orthodox; sound as a new dollar; but the illustration of it by voting with and for whisky-cursed and controlled parties, or refusing to vote against them, is most damnable. But I have hired Moore to do my cursing, and I will let up on this article for fear I trespass on his part of the job.

R. B. NEAL.

Now you all can see where I am learning to swear. It's from associating with preachers.

Did you ever hear Dr. O'Mahony's story about old Mrs. Maloney's boy?

The doctor is one of these Frenchmen—as his name indicates—who was born in Cork. I haven't any Irish type and I can't make the story sound as well as the Doctor does when he tells it with the French accent that they use in Cork.

The doctor says that Mrs. Maloney had a boy at the Catholic school in Lexington, and the boy was such a persistent and excessive swearer that the teacher thought of sending him home, but he finally advised with the priest about it, and the priest went to see Sister Maloney about it. The old lady listened to the priest's account of the boy and then exclaimed, "Well, Jesus Christ, where in the devil did that boy learn to swear?"

Prof. McGarvey's ignorance of the moral status of Lexington is astounding. A mere boy, sprung from his own loins, it is said, could open his eyes very wide. Perhaps it was intended for children of Lexington to be wiser than children of light.—Nicholasville Democrat.

Prof. McGarvey's friends know to what you allude. Like a true man he is trying to save his boy and the boys of other people, by working for prohibition, and that's what you ought to be doing instead of helping the political party that did all it could to ruin his boy, and then taunting him because he suffers from the evil that you have helped to inflict upon him.

John W. Overstreet, writing from Little Hickman to the Blue Grass Blade, of Lexington, refers deprecatingly to a certain "country paper" that wiped its nose on his interesting "copy" because he wrote a compliment about the Blade. This was shabby treatment since Mr. O. wrote so many "boosts" about the "country paper." A country correspondent, ambitious to write a long letter, from a quiet locality, must perforce occasionally take a whack at the "country paper." John is a whacker.—Nicholasville Democrat.

Lancaster, Ky., Wants the Blade to Take a Hand in Its Liquor Debate.

I have received a copy of The Central Record of Lancaster, Ky., and a letter calling my attention to a liquor discussion in it, into which I am asked to dip an ear.

If the editor of the Record has any particular politics or religion there is nothing in his paper to indicate it.

The paper contains two articles one of which is signed "A Lady" and the other signed Joseph O. Frank, which are written against the liquor infamy, and one written in favor of it by a man who signs his name W. S. Miller.

The first two are models of literary excellence, and forcibly and kindly reflect the sentiments of a cultivated, civilized, refined and Christianized lady and gentleman. The last is written by a man who attempts to defend his selling whisky, and whose bad grammar, misquotation of Shakespeare, and pedantry suggest that he is probably a saloon-keeper.

He represents himself as a martyr, but murders the King's English, and God's truth, and Shakespeare, all at one fell swoop, by

saying "but there is no rights in law or society for the license man—there is a native to the manner born."

We hope in a few more years to be able truthfully to say *There are no rights in law or society for the license man*, but I think it would be a "little previous" to make that remark around Lexington yet while, as we have a Mayor, Legislator, Lieutenant Governor and five Councilmen and Aldermen all running saloons in full blast, as "license men."

Col. Miller's deprecation of "Christian hypocrisy"—some of which I am bound to admit I have noticed, and perhaps alluded to myself—would indicate the Colonel to be a man of deep religious convictions. If this be the case, it is unfortunate that he had not been informed of this distinguished recognition of the "rights in law and society, for the license man" in Lexington, as gainsayers are thereby led to impugn the Colonel's candor.

The Colonel puts the climactic touch on a wild burst of law-loving enthusiasm by deposing thusly.

"And yet, in this day of refinement, and in the midst of the civilized people in the world we are confronted with a class of people who are not only encouraging outlawry, but are actually defending it through the columns of your paper, and say that they prefer to have the sale of spirits in the hands of the illegal, rather than the legal vender. This, I am happy to say, is not the feeling of the whole community, but only a few people who are not in a fair position to really know what is best for the community."

Whatever may be true of his rhetoric, the department of logic seems to have been neglected in the Colonel's education, and under the guise of being a saloon-keeper, he is really a blatant prohibitionist. The Colonel has failed to see the oft printed accounts of the reacting of a boomerang, in the hands of an unskillful manipulator.

Supposing the "class of people" to whom he refers to be prohibitionists, he has given the readers of the Record, a perfectly fair statement of the position of the prohibitionists—a thing that they do not often get from anything but prohibition papers.

The Colonel, in speaking of prohibitionists says "that they prefer to have the sale of spirits in the hands of the illegal, rather than the legal vender."

If he had done it with a kodak he could not have made a better picture of an intelligent prohibitionist.

If the "sale of spirits" has to be "in the hands" of any kind of a "vender," we say by all means let it be an "illegal vender;" for then we stand a good show to snatch him up and send him to the penitentiary for vending it, just as we now do a "moonshiner" for distilling it. I am sorry to have to admit that there is great truth in the Colonel's statement that now "only a few people" concur with us in this eminently rational and moral view of the liquor business, but I think that by voting time in '92 there will be more of us; in '96 there will be enough of us to let the Colonel see we are going to get it in for him, and when the new century opens, eight years from now, if God allows him and me to cumber the earth until that time, I am pretty certain that, unless he quits his present calling, there will be enough of us to put him in the penitentiary, put striped clothes on him, and put him to make his living in a more decent way than he is now doing. And in the language of "Old Hickory," "By the eternal" we will do it.

But now a word to the prohibitionists around Lancaster and Stanford. It's a disgrace that some one of you has to write me an anonymous letter asking me to write a reply to the nonsense of that ignorant man. You ought to have your own paper so that you could put your heel on the head of that which is "more subtle than any beast of the field," and crush it, when in any public journal, it dares thus to rear its horrid front, to offend every sense of decency and good order.

There is not a saloon-keeper nor distiller in Lexington who would dare to write an article in any paper in this town, in defense of his business house, and to show you that what I say is true, I dare any one of them to try to defend it and will promise to publish it in the Blade if he wants me.

They know it's an infamy, and neither the Mayor, Lieutenant Governor of the state, nor State Legislator, all actively engaged in selling damnation by the dram—two of them certainly to minors—will dare to try to defend their iniquitous traffic with any kind of argument. They and their friends may try to silence me by brute force but two of these, the curled darlings of Lexington "upper-tendons," and another one who is to fill the seat of Henry Clay in the state capital, tremble like wet dogs at the idea of meeting me, a country clod-hopper, in any fair discussion. And yet this is the land of orators and chivalry, of

"fair women and brave men." If such as these are brave, God pity the cowards.

The man who wrote me the note and sent me the marked paper to get me to do up that Lancaster gin slinger stated that in the note there was "ten cents" the value of which was to be sent him in papers, and then signed himself "Your Friend," after the usual pyrotechnics about my "graphic pen." There was not a cent of any kind—postage stamps or anything else—in the letter.

I happened to notice on my books, the other day, my Stanford list.

About thirty papers go to that town to people whose names are given me as those of the "best people about the town, and who would most probably pay me."

My paper has gone there now to them regularly for more than a year, and no man there has paid me a cent, promised to pay me, or even been just enough to notify me to discontinue it. I do not remember, but think it has not been much better at Lancaster; but a man from there claims to send me "ten cents" to pay me to dynamite one of his saloon-keepers, the mere printing of which will cost me two or three dollars, to say nothing of the liability of my getting killed by some Lexington thug for what I say about it.

I am mighty glad I don't have many "friends." A few more like those would kill me.

I would rather be a frog and bay the moon, or a dog and live upon the vapors of a "jungle" than such a man. They seem to think I have so much fun walking around this town feeling that any day some durned fellow may blow my head off that I would not care for any money, and that I ought to be well paid for my labor by their comments upon my exceeding funniness. If I should be killed to-morrow I believe there are men who are taking my paper in Lancaster and Stanford who would not only not pay my widow, but would not give our her and our children a nickel if they should see them begging on the streets.

Old Vanderbilt said "Damn the people," and Rev. Pentecost said "Let the people go to hell," and I tell you it is hard for a man to feel like a humanitarian in the face of such treatment.

An Elegant Piece of Lexington Infidel Literature, That Talks for Woman's Rights, in the "Truth Seeker."

LEXINGTON, KY., Nov. 21, 1911.  
MR. EDITOR—Much is said at the present period of individual improvement, but Christian thinkers do not recognize the idea that freethought is more congenial to the noblest mentality than a constant reference to lucubrations of great thinking men who are supposed to control the human mind and give tone to society views. If Herbert Spencer fails to direct us right, we can not attribute this want of success to the fact that he fawns upon the masses instead of instructing them. But what shall we say of Gladstone, who can not relinquish the idea that the Jews had a holy mission on earth; that their sin and repentance is the great Tecksafrican piece of strategy, the stupendous lesson, which has profited our morals as much as Greek culture has our minds? Nehemiah also, I suppose, might be said, according to Prideaux, to elaborate luxury upon the most approved and sinless plan, as a Hebrew Turveydrop might be expected to do.

The fact, however, is patent with us that the kindness of the Jews is more to be depended on, in business, than their conscience. We will not refuse to admit that a power in society like Gladstone, if not a powerful mind, will occasionally stumble on something great and admirable. So it is when he speaks of the great laws of kindness and justice, telling us they are written upon the human mind and nothing can efface them. This suggestion is depreciated by Cardinal Gibbons, another leader toward the gate of heaven. Does he forget, as he thinks upon his knees to some higher authority (if such process could be called brain-exercise), that justice could not breathe in the air of slavery in which we languish—that the great borrower called religion could not suggest anything to elevate the mind which had not been previously ground into us by some lover of equal rights? Can a person who has known nothing but servitude originate a luminous idea, when the truth exists that there is no aristocracy of thought; when the beggar over his crust can wear brighter gems of intellect upon his brow than a besotted king, most Christian, even upon his throne?

Herbert Spencer imagines that women have not the talents of statesmen, although it is well known that the best of them have an intense hatred of tyranny and partial reforms. One rift in the lute mars the most exquisite music—an impure stain upon a system of morals drags it back to infamy. "Tolerably moral." So of a loaf of cake: the sugar was very good, the flour, eggs, and

spice were defective—do you want any of it? Dr. Carus has much to say of the weakness of women; so had St. Paul. There is no nationality about the thoughts of the highest range of philosophers such as Hegel, Kant, Goethe, Plato. Let us cling to their generalizations. An opinion is not to be swallowed; it must be put to the test. But our Ingersoll—yes, he is ours—flung a handful of diamonds into the columns of the glorious Truth Seeker when he declared that with regard to men and women he believed in equal rights.

Plato, as well as other great thinkers, would never have discounted woman if she had knelt at his feet and implored him, at least, to give her a chance to exercise and improve her talents which bear upon the welfare of the human race.

ALHAZA

There is not a newspaper man in Lexington that can write in as fine a style as that, and I there is any preacher or lawyer who can do it, I do not know.

I print that extract for two purposes. One is to show that some Lexington infidel—of whose identity I have no idea—is for Woman Rights, right alongside the best prohibitionists; and the other is to show you that you are fooling yourself when you are trying to make it appear that all infidels are fools.

The peculiar spelling of "The Truth Seeker" is preserved.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

There were one hundred and fifty-seven women patients undergoing treatment at the Keeley Institute in Dwight, Ill., the other week. At the present increase of the number of women patients there will soon be as many women as men.

SAYS a recent African traveler: "Nature has already proclaimed in words whose letters are formed by white men's graves that no drunkard and no moderate tippler shall prolong his days in tropical Africa."

There are hundreds of instances in which people have found a drunkard's doom by tasting alcohol in their food after they had reformed. The taste for intoxicants lurks in some persons' system as a fierce fire, to be let loose with an uncontrollable fury by even the smell of liquor.

"Ox" thing that might be done in Europe in view of the short crop there is to make it all into bread instead of whisky. But it will not be done. Many people will starve in Russia and elsewhere that distillers may be enabled to continue their work."

The Voice.  
Some whisky recently seized in a kitchen barroom in Boston, when some of it was rubbed as a liniment on one of the feet of a patrol-wagon horse, caused the horse to rear and kick. Some men of the same stock of whisky was accidentally spilled on the desk in the police station, and it ate off the varnish.

Our seventy thousand British troops in India eighteen thousand are teetotalers. Sir Frederick Roberts himself says: "For every five hundred teetotalers enrolled the strength of the British army is increased by another battalion." The authorities in India make an annual grant of eight thousand rupees for temperance work, and give the use of a room in every corps for meetings, as well as allowing refreshment bars to be opened, the profits of which go to temperance work, so that the men are encouraged in every way to remain true to their pledge.

The connection between strong drink and poverty may be seen in a recent statement as to the condition of the people of Ireland. Saloons are the most numerous in the poverty stricken sections of that unhappy country. During the past year the amount of liquor consumed has fearfully increased, the figures being nearly a half million gallons of spirits more than last year. Is there any hope of Ireland, or indeed of any other country, where the people are degraded by the love of strong drink and are consequently always contending with want and poverty?

The Habit of Drinking.  
An essential to the success of a country boy in a great city is to let drinking alone and absolutely. He does not need the stimulus, and the habit of drinking is responsible for most of the personal and business failures in both country and town. It is a bad sign when a young man's breath smells of alcohol. Confidence in him is impaired, and oftentimes more among those who drink themselves than among those who abstain. The drinkers know what it means. They know by experience that the first effect of alcohol is to weaken the judgment. They know that when the habit of drinking is once formed it usually becomes more and more fixed and demands greater and greater quantities of the stimulant, so that habitual drinkers are never in their real sober senses. You never can tell when it is safe to trust them. Drinking by a young man, too, suggests the possibility of dangerous companionship, of which employers are always fearful.—Standard.

PROHIBITION NOTES.

JUNEBROOK, Pa., prohibitionists have organized a club and are circulating the million voters' agreement.

BOONVILLE, Ind., prohibitionists are securing a list of "hopeful" voters and of all young men who will cast their first ballots in 1912.

GENESEE county, N. Y., prohibitionists have an active committee in each town and will organize clubs and circulate party papers during the winter.

PROHIBITION clubs have just been organized in Reclanda, Riverside, Coalton, Ontario, San Bernardino, Etiwanda, Cucamonga, Beaumont, Banning and Rialto, Cal.

The official count of Nebraska gives Mrs. Bittenbender, the prohibition candidate for supreme court judge, 7,333 votes, as against 3,070 polled for the prohibition candidate for governor in 1910.

The only argument so far advanced in republican papers for the repeal of Iowa's prohibition law is that it is hurting the republican party. Then

## An Elegant Line of NEW SPRING GOODS!

Korah Moire. Korah Moire  
CHINN, ROSS & TODD.

TO ALL PERSONS TO WHOM THE BLADE MAY COME.

The issue of Oct. 31st begins the second year of the Blade, and I hope that those who intend to take it will be as prompt as it is in paying me for it—\$2.00 a year for persons in good circumstances, and \$1.00 for persons who can not afford to pay more, and will tell me so.

The Blade will go to all persons to whom it went last year who have not ordered it discontinued.

Those who have not paid me for last year will please do so, if they feel that they ought to do so, and if not, please notify me to discontinue it, in order that I may not incur further loss by sending it to them.

I will have no collector and will not dun you for it.

If you are willing to pay me send the amount by mail and you will receive a receipt.

Fraternally yours,  
CHARLES C. MOORE.

MARCH'S  
FURNITURE STORE,  
No. 24 West Main St.  
The cheapest place on earth to buy Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and Household Goods.

Baby Carriages at cost

THE BEAUTIFUL  
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94 MILES THE SHORTEST.  
4 EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY TO CINCINNATI  
Making direct connections in Central Union Depot for  
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174 Miles  
LEXINGTON TO JACKSONVILLE  
FLORIDA.  
The only line running Solid Trains through without change for any class of passengers with choice of Pullman Boudoir and Palace Sleepers, making quick time to  
Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Savannah, Brunswick, Lake City, Thomasville, Cedar Key, Tampa, St. Augustine and Cuba, Columbia, Montgomery, Mobile and points in GEORGIA AND ALABAMA.

95 MILES THE SHORTEST TO NEW ORLEANS  
TIME, 25 HOURS.  
Solid Trains with Pullman Boudoir Sleeping Cars making direct connection at New Orleans without omnibus transfer for TEXAS, MEXICO and CALIFORNIA.

THE SHORT LINE  
with through Pullman Boudoir Sleepers to  
KNOXVILLE, Connecting with through car lines for ASHEVILLE, RALEIGH & THE CAROLINAS. For Lowest Rates, Correct County Maps and full information call on S. T. Swift, City Ticket Agent, Phoenix Hotel or W. Shultz, Depot Ticket Agent. Frank W. Wooley, Trav. Pass. Agent, Lexington, Ky.  
D. MILLER, D. G. EDWARDS, Traffic Manager, G. F. & T. A. CINCINNATI, O.

Is It Constitutional?  
The question of the unconstitutionality of the power or privilege to abate saloon nuisances is now seriously passing through the highest courts of this country. Would it not be a burning shame if it should so appear, and a decision be rendered that it is constitutional to carry on this dreadful curse of wasting money and manhood, murdering wives and orphaning children, to the common disgrace of our country's welfare? Boasting of our wealth, health and grand institutions, and at the same time not able to protect ourselves from evils that endanger our lives, health and liberty, must we tolerate riots, or can we not suppress saloons because it is not constitutional? Somebody will soon pity the old "bull," for she must founder and sink under her own weighty carcass. The good people of our land must and will certainly rise to an appreciation of the nation's welfare, and "the saloon must go," otherwise this country will be irretrievably lost. The necessity of a new party to put down the saloon is imperative, and the hopeful star has already arisen that betokens a speedily coming morning. "Come, and come quickly," is the common sentiment of every good, patriotic citizen.—Wisconsin Statesman.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in

Carriages, Buggies Phaetons etc.

Repairing promptly done and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for FRAIZER CELEBRATED CARTS. We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand.

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A Full Assortment of Stoves Constantly on Hand.

ROOFING, GUTTERING & REPAIRING A SPECIAL

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CLOTHIERS!

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The Largest House, the Largest Stock and the Largest Business in Our Line in Central Kentucky.

If you need anything in our line don't buy until you have looked through our stock.

We are "leaders" in correct styles and low prices.

Farmers are especially invited to make headquarters with us when in town.

WILSON & STARKS,

62, 64 and 66 E. Main Street.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

THE GREATEST FIRE SALE

In the history of Lexington.

The Fire in our place of business, did us just enough damage to necessitate the

Closing Out Of Our Entire Stock

within the next Thirty Days. With this end in view we have marked every item down from one-half to one-third its value. This includes overcoats, suits and trousers for men, boys and children, underwear, neckwear, shirts, waists, collars, cuffs, gloves, hats, rubber goods, umbrellas, suspenders and hosiery; in short, everything in our building.

HERE IS A LINE TO GO BY.

25 cent linen collars go now at 10cts.

25 cent linen cuffs, 15 "

35 cent silk scarfs, 25 "

\$1.00 silk scarfs, 75 "

25.00 overcoats, 15.00 "

15.00 overcoats, 10.00 "

Now is your chance to lay in your Winter supply of clothing. You will not have another opportunity like this in a life-time. Everything goes but Only For Cash, and only for thirty days. Call early and take your pick.

ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

M. KAUEMAN & CO.

5 East Main St. Lexington, Ky!

CASELL & PRICE,

The Largest Dealers in Central Kentucky, in the

Latest Style Dry Goods and Notions

New Goods, Choicest Styles and sold at the Lowest Prices for first class goods. We invite the public to call and inspect our stock.

CASELL & PRICE,

16 and 18 West Main St.,

LEXINGTON, KY.



Charles L. Moore  
Editor

ADVERTISING RATES.

SPACE	First Week	Second Week	Third Week	Fourth Week	Per Line
One Year, 52 insertions.	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	1.92
Six Months, 26 insertions.	50.00	50.00	50.00	50.00	1.92
Three Months, 13 insertions.	25.00	25.00	25.00	25.00	1.92
Two Months, 8 insertions.	15.00	15.00	15.00	15.00	1.92
One Month, 4 insertions.	8.00	8.00	8.00	8.00	1.92
Three Insertions.	3.00	3.00	3.00	3.00	1.92
Two Insertions.	2.00	2.00	2.00	2.00	1.92
Single Insertion.	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.00	1.92

150,000 ACRES OF LAND WANTED.

An Eastern Steamship and Colonization Company have written to the General Passenger and Ticket Agent of the Queen & Crescent Route, to find for them a tract of land in either Kentucky or Tennessee of about 150,000 acres. The land is to be suitable for truck farming, also for raising corn, wheat, trees and shrubs, and near enough to railroad to make shipping facilities handy. Any one having a body of land suitable for this purpose, will please communicate with the undersigned, giving price, terms, location, and all particulars.

D. G. EDWARDS  
G. P. & T. A.  
Cincinnati, O.

James Russell Starts a Subscription Fund for a Mailing Machine With \$1.00

The editor of the Blue Grass Blade needs and wants a mailing machine. It will cost \$62.00. He feels able to give \$12.00 himself.

The readers of the Blade must, and will, give the other \$50.00. Now reader I mean you. Let every man and woman who reads this issue of the Blade write a postal to the Blade and say what they will give, provided the \$50 is subscribed. Every reader of the Blade can, and ought to give something.

If you can not give \$1.00 give 50 cents. If you can't give 50 cents give 25 cents. If you can't give 25 cents give 5 cents. Now that comes within the reach of all.

Every man who is on the poor man's list, and is receiving the Blade at half price can and must give to this fund. Every man and woman who is paying full price will give something if they appreciate the Blade, and realize the good it is doing for humanity. If any reader is too poor to give anything, not even five cents, he needs help. Let him say so through the Blade and I will start subscription to help him.

Reader, if you are not needy and don't give something, you do not appreciate the Blade; you don't realize the sacrifice that its editor is making in publishing it, or else you are too stingy to give.

Now let's all help to buy this mailing machine for this bold, fearless, out-spoken paper. It will be a nice and fitting Christmas gift.

Now roll in the postals saying what you will give. Don't wait to see if there won't be enough without you, but say right now what you will give.

Show where you stand—show your appreciation of C. C. Moore. Where is there, from New York to California—from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, a braver, a bolder, a more fearless combatant of the liquor traffic than C. C. Moore?

Reader, let's stand by him to the last. Let's hold up his hands; let's encourage him, let's keep him on the battle field. He knows how to fight. Let's furnish him the ammunition and Moore will do the work. Now all at it, and all together. Let there be enough postals go in to come to the \$50.00 by the next issue of the Blade.

JESSE RUSSELL,  
Hardyville, Ky.

This letter was written Dec. 6, '91, and it was intended to make me a "Christmas gift" of the mailing machine, but I could not get it printed in time as there were so many ahead of it.

But there's one peculiarity about me. I would just as soon have a Christmas gift in January, or even in February, as in December. Most of the Christmas gifts I have given my wife have come along about the heel of the Spring.

\$1.00, and somebody else said he would give a half dollar. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been given to the New York Voice and there are thousands of people who would rather have the Blade than two of the Voice.

Prof. R. de Roode of Lexington is the only Dutchman—Hollander—living in Lexington. He is not a Prohibitionist and does not believe in Prohibition. He would not read the New York Voice if you should give it to him, and hand it to him on a silver waiter. He would not read it like I do for \$100.00 a year. I take two Voices. Prof. de Roode says I ought to charge \$5.00 a year for the Blade. He paid me in advance for the Blade for five years, \$10.00.

Chances are that I will be in heaven with Haddock and Gambrell before half his time is out. If the people of Kentucky furnish me one-fourth as much money as they have to the New York Voice, I will carry Lexington for Prohibition in two years, and drive every saloon keeper and drunkard out of its city council and offices. I have got them on the hip to-day, and the Transcript, the Democratic Presbyterian saloon organ, shows its appreciation of the fact by its editorials. Lexington, the head of the whisky influence of the world, is the head of the whisky snake. The Bible says "bruise his head."

The man who captures Lexington for Prohibition, will break the backbone of the whole liquor damnation. When Lexington surrenders the whole state will hoist the white flag, and strike its colors to Prohibition. When Kentucky gives in, we can march right to Washington, and Mother Stewart, without a corporal's guard, can raise the cold water flag on the dome of the capitol.

I have means enough to support my family without a cent profit from the Blade, but I have not enough while keeping my children at expensive schools, to be able to lose money on the Blade.

I need a mailing machine and must have it. It's a "ground hog case." I am going to buy it, if it comes out of my pocket. I am responsible for \$50.00 a year to the State Prohibition Executive Committee, and I am keeping it paid up. This is the third winter I have worn a five dollar overcoat. I have bought only one pair of five dollar breeches this year, and that's all the clothes I am going to buy. That's the kind of a pin I'm in. Hundreds of rich people—including Prohibitionists—read my paper and do not pay me a cent for it. They are going to the devil of course, but I have to wait until judgment day to get even with them. I am going to send their receipts to them in hell, made out on asbestos.

Bro. Neal's joining with me in the business management of the Blade, does not add any money to the concern. He is as poor as Job's turkey. He had to lean up against the fence to gobble. If you don't want to help me with the mailing machine, send me \$1.00 for the "National View," and you will find out something about the Bible that the preachers won't tell you. They don't know, and would not tell you if they did know.

But if you don't do either, the Blade will get there, all the same.

Chailey Bronston Coming to Prohibition and Woman's Suffrage.

Bronston on Lexington Morals.

Hon. C. J. Bronston delivered an address in Lexington Monday night, for the benefit of the City School Library Association. It was understood that his subject was to be the morals of Lexington, and a large audience greeted him. The press gave the following synopsis of the address:

"Mr. Bronston drew with a master hand a picture of the day, drawing their origin and development to the innate selfishness and greed of man, and made a strong appeal to his audience to work for reforms in public sentiment, reforms that would accomplish results that could never be wrought by the strong arm of the law, unless it was upheld and sustained by public opinion. That crime should be looked upon as crime and punished as such, there should be no respect of person. While the ignorant cray shooter was hunted down and punished to the extent of the law, the wealthy and prosperous breeder who was countenancing and taking part in pool selling, where thousands of dollars changed hands, was excused because it was claimed that the pool selling encouraged the trading of horses.

Public opinion must be educated to the point of recognition that crime was crime, and as such should be punished. With a beautiful tribute to the purity, and religious sentiment of Kentucky women, he appealed to them to take the lead in the regeneration of mankind, and by an overwhelming public sentiment, make it as impossible for the youth, of the land, as it is now for the girls, to enter the saloons and haunts of vice."

There are some very good things in Mr. Bronston's address, but there are also some wretchedly bad things for a man who is in earnest for reform.

Whenever a man begins to hesitate about putting down one evil because there are some others which he can not put down, or when educating "public opinion," when public opinion has already been crystallized into a law, which the officers will not enforce, then we believe it is time to begin to have some doubts about good faith.

It is barely possible that the reports do not do Mr. Bronston full justice. We hope for his sake that they do not, for everybody who knows him, knows he has abundance of capacity to understand the issue, and the duty of every good citizen in regard to them, and they hope to see him on the right side.

The Louisville Times says: Statesman Bronston took the bile of the Bluegrass region, Lexington by the hand last night and pointed, if he didn't lead, the way out of the labyrinth of impurity in which she is, or imagines herself to be, lost. There are evils that can not be eradicated by law," said the leader of the late Constitutional Convention, "but if we will all be good little boys and girls and withdraw the patronage from these bad institutions, they will perish for lack of sustenance and disappear from the face of the earth." Strange that so simple and effective a remedy was never thought of before. It's as easy as lifting yourself over the fence by the straps of your boots.

All of the above is from the Jessamine Journal, (Democrat.)

Hon. C. J. Bronston is one of the brightest intellects in the state of Kentucky, and as soon as he can get the courage of his convictions he will be a champion of Woman Suffrage and Prohibition. The blood is in him to do it. His grandfather and mine preached the same religion, and when his grandfather was a very old preacher and I was a very young one, we stood in the same pulpit.

As the leader of the great Constitutional Convention the liquor traffic and the distillers. He was one of the three or four who listened like a gallant gentleman to what the ladies asked of the convention.

He had more brains than all the rest of the convention put together, and the Blade is on record as having said it at the time.

He is "coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way," and when he gets there, there will be a hell roaring time.

He's a true blue Campbellite, and hates Presbyterianism as much as I do. The bums and some preachers and hymn-book fellows had it all fixed up that Bronston was to kill me here about a year ago, but when he and McGarvey got to chumming it, I am not scared like I was.

I would gladly pay \$1,000.00 out of my own pocket, and run the risk of having somebody to make it up to me, to have him announce himself as a Prohibitionist.

There is no one man in America who to-day could do as much for Prohibition. As soon as he says the word Lexington is for Prohibition; as soon as Lexington goes, Kentucky goes, and then "as Kentucky goes so goes the Union."

As soon as Charlie Bronston confesses with his mouth what he believes with his heart, and with his brain, that Prohibition and Woman Suffrage are "the twins," as Mrs. Henry calls them, that are to save this country, he can button that Prince Albert across his breast, and set his head back, like a blue ribbon horse, and walk right over Billy Silvertonage, and Bill Owens and Jim Mulligan for Congress.

Such men as McGarvey and Mathews and Rucker and Josiah Harris and George Bain and Beauchamp, and such women as Mrs. Henry, and Miss Laura Clay, and Mrs. Nield—baby and all—would take the stump for him, and there would be the man who could gracefully wear the mantle of the dead Henry Graddy.

At that black mark I raised my window to look down on a brass band that were marching below it.

They belonged to a theatrical company that plays "Ten nights in a bar room." In Lexington it's "Ten bar-rooms in a night."

There's only one draw-back to me, on Bronston's turning Prohibitionist. There won't be any use for the Blue Grass Blade when he does, and I will have to go back to the farm plowing, and I am getting too fat to work.

Now I am going to tell you something. I expect to live to see the day when I shall have seen Prohibition an accomplished fact, just as Cassius M. Clay saw slavery overthrown, and like him, be able to retire to my farm life, and be able to say "I have seen the travail of my soul, and shall be satisfied," or to say with old Simon—"Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

A man once gave an Irishman a

duck egg, and told him it was a game chicken egg. The Irishman waited anxiously through the hatching process to see how his game chicken would look. When it was hatched the man who gave him the egg asked him how he liked his chicken.

The Irishman had looked at its feet. He said he did not know how it would fight but that all hell could not up trip it.

That's the matter with Prohibition.

The Democratic rooster is great on the crowd. The Republican eagle is great on the seat and scream, but Prohibition, like that Irishman's fighting chicken stands on a footing that "all hell can't up trip."

"J. F." in The Transcript Wants Woman Suffrage.

An article in the Lexington Transcript seems intended to show that Lexington is not so naughty as Rev. Prof. McGarvey has declared it, but closes with an appeal for Woman Suffrage as follows:

The whisky traffic is another subject that he tackled. Crusade after crusade, has been preached against it throughout the civilized world for ages; legislation has stepped in and taken a hand for its supervision and has failed as signally as the utterance of preachers and temperance lecturers.

There is but one solution of this great question, and that is the enfranchisement of the women. When the right of suffrage is conferred upon them, then may we hope to battle successfully the greatest evil and curse that ever afflicted the human family.

As long as there is so much capital in the manufacturer and sale of intoxicants and as long as our legislators are a "merchandise article" we can never hope to do away with the liquor traffic. The only hope lies in woman. With the right of suffrage given her, we would have a "formidable foe to liquor. There would be no desolate homes; no heart-broken wives and mothers. The disgusting sight of drunken men reeling on the streets, distressed wives, starving children, would be a thing of the past, and when crime, poverty, and want rear their horrid crests we would find crime diminished, happy homes, bright-eyed children and prosperity and universal happiness, instead of ruin, want, poverty and drunkenness.

J. F.

Taking the Advantage of me.

CARRALTON, KY., Dec. 21, '91.  
Mr. C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—I am well pleased with your paper—would write just as you do, if I were editing a Prohibition paper. Inclosed find one dollar if you will send it for one dollar—if not discontinue it.

Yours Respectfully,  
ALLEN MCCANN.

If you were editing a Prohibition paper and I should treat you as you are doing me you would get mad. You know the price of my paper is \$2.00 a year, to well-to-do people, and \$1.00 a year to poor men. If you had simply said to me that you were a poor man you would have been just as welcome to it for \$1.00 as a rich man would be at \$2.00.

But if you are a poor man and ashamed to say it, or a rich man and trying to get my paper for \$1.00, I don't like you and if you are a rich man you can not get my paper for \$1.99. I have given you the benefit of the doubt and sent you a receipt for the paper for one year for one dollar. Unless you are a poor man and allow my paper to come to you a year for \$1.00 you are beating me out of a dollar.

If you are not willing to comply with my terms let me know, and I will return your money and stop the paper.

RELIGIOUS DEBATE.

Rev. J. W. Hughes and Elder W. J. Howe to Meet at Wilmore.

For some days there have been rumors of a religious debate at Wilmore, and the reports are at last confirmed.

Rev. J. W. Hughes of the Methodist church, and Elder W. J. Howe of the Christian church, are the principals, and the meeting will be at Wilmore, beginning January 20, 1892, at 10 a. m. continuing four days.

The first question for debate is as follows.

Affirmed, that the Bible teaches that we are baptised with the Holy Spirit as in the days of the Apostles, with the tongues of fire expected, and that it is possible to live in this life without actual sin.

J. W. Hughes affirms and W. J. Howe denies.

The second question is: Affirmed, that the Bible teaches that the church to which W. J. Howe belongs is the Christian church.

W. J. Howe affirms and J. W. Hughes denies.—Jessamine Journal.

That's the kind of durned stuff that makes me tired, and makes the people ask "Is life worth living?" And makes all sensible men wish all the churches and preachers were at the devil.

So far as the moral effect of such as that is concerned, give me a prize fight, two to one.

The Irony of the Transcript's Orthography.

A writer in the Transcript who signs himself "J. F." pleads for Woman Suffrage. It is not "suffrage" they want. They have had too much of that already.

It is suffrage they want. Broad old difference.

FOR PROHIBITION.

UNION OF FORCES.

Hon. Gideon T. Stewart's Opinion on the Campaign of '92.

Last month I had the pleasure of casting my twenty-third annual vote for the state and county ticket of the prohibition party of Ohio, says Hon. Gideon T. Stewart, in the New York Voice. Our first party vote was in October, 1869, when in all the state (then the first and only one where it was formed), we gave but 679 for our gubernatorial candidate, Rev. Samuel Scott. Since that our efforts steadily advanced, at its highest to nearly 30,000 in the state, and over 800,000 in the nation. This party vote, with the firm grasp which it represents, is distributed through every county and into almost every township of the state; and the fact that, this year, it has so well responded to the roll-call on an unbroken chain, under very adverse circumstances, is the first encouragement found in the late election in Ohio.

Another is derived from the result of that election, though in favor of one of the candidates for governor. Since Wm. Dennison, Jr., left the gubernatorial office in January, 1893, a period of thirty years, Wm. McKinley, Jr., will be the first governor of Ohio, of pronounced prohibition sentiment, who in his political career had dared to confront the liquor power. I am well advised that his private life and personal example are consistent with his public temperance record. Though silent on the subject, as all but prohibition candidates were, during the late political campaign, his triumph was by no means a purely platitudinous fact, as the known fact of his prohibition antecedents, is a very audible event, and testifies that on this great reform question, a man may dare to do right, and yet be governor of Ohio, in the year A. D. 1892. God reigns, the world moves, and even the republican politicians of Ohio may now venture to say that their souls are their own.

The third encouraging fact is the public attitude and bold, unflinching expressions, especially this year, of the Ohio Farmers' Alliance, the Ohio Farmers' Union and all the farmer organizations of this state, against the liquor traffic. Our party has very special relations to, and ought to be in very close sympathy with the farmers in their political movements. In the first place it is safe to say that more than three-fourths of all the voters in the prohibition party are found in the farming communities. The political movements there is no home in cities. Let us at the polls vote of only 33 for prohibition out of 73,072 in Hamilton county, including the city of Cincinnati. While Tammany and the liquor league rule the democratic party with corrupt machinery operating through all the great cities, and the beer congress and the mammoth corporations, concentrated in the same cities, dominate the republican party, the farmers and prohibitionists must stand equally and uncompromisingly opposed to both these parties. When 50,000 farmers banded Boston, where the standard of King George was unfurled, and the British forces held New York city, all knew that the only hope for American independence was out of the cities and with the farmers. So it is with every moral and political reform in our country, and must be, until a moral revolution changes the character of our cities.

The prohibition party can take but a feeble hold there while all its strength is held must be with and maintained by the farmers. Hence our national and state committees should hail with welcome every movement of the farmers in the path of prohibition, and seek every opportunity to combine with them; while the farmers, on their part, should welcome prohibitionists into their open conventions with them. Prohibition farmers should enter the alliance, granges and other farmer organizations and influence them in support of prohibition. A vast majority of the farmers and planters of our country, from Maine to Texas and from Alaska to Florida, are opposed to the liquor drink traffic.

Our great party blunder has been that we have written down prohibition of the liquor crime at the head of all our platforms, principles and proceedings, as the one great and only unit. We have added other reforms and many cyphers, as if merely to catch voters and swell the suffrage value of that unit. Once each year our conventions, state or national, have published platforms, and have added other reforms, while all through the year our party presses and orators have printed and talked only the one theme of liquor prohibition. A merchant who once in a year publishes a full list of all his wares but through all the rest of the year confines his advertisements to a single staple, will find a very limited sale for his commodities. Hence, the ill-success of the prohibition party in acquiring suffrage power, on its solitary line of argument and endeavor. The great lesson of this year is the necessity of union between the relative political reforms, to secure governmental success for any of them. They are all passing through the same historic tests and crises. Each has pursued the same misguided policy of fighting out the political war with a single battle line formed of its special adherents, against the consolidated array of more than ten millions of voting men. It is true that every reformer must have his missionary period, to inform the popular mind of its doctrines, but with the prohibition party that period has long since passed away. Our national party organization is now within thirteen years as old as that of the republican party; yet what are their comparative records in the government? What state, district, county or city, in all the United States has the prohibition party controlled by its separate vote? Its first and only member of congress was elected in Minnesota last year, by union with the farmers. A political party is formed to control elections and command the government by placing its partisans in office. The American people are eminently practical and inas-

cient of results. With them nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails like failure, especially in political affairs. Only the sound moral basis and high conscience-power of the prohibition party could have sustained it in the long arduous struggle of 23 years, so utterly barren of political results. The prohibition party is formed of independent thinkers, aided by no rings, voiced by no organs, and chained to no leaders. They will think and act for themselves, and blending with other new organizations, unless held together and led forward by some reasonable hope of success in the near future. Where does that hope lie? Only in the Napoleonic policy of the combination and concentration of forces. By that alone, Napoleon won all his victories. When part of his forces failed to unite at the time ordered, he lost Waterloo and his throne. There is a very sharp analogy between military and political tactics. Our greatest battle power is the press. Some years ago the proprietors of the most brilliant and potent prohibition journal ever published, "The Voice," offered to establish a daily edition of it in the city of New York, if its weekly circulation could be increased as an effort to support for the enterprise. I gave citizens does this saloon vote consist? It is plain that it is larger than the number of persons engaged, both directly and indirectly, in the sale of liquor. The voting strength of these, in any specified locality, is but a fractional per cent. of the total number of voters. In an entire state, these men drawn up only those who are engaged in the traffic on the one hand, and all other citizens on the other, it is plain that run would meet with a crushing defeat every time.

Probably the thought of those whose attention is drawn to this point for the first time is that the allies of the saloon are composed of the low and vicious class of men who are hangers-on around the lower sort of gin mills and beer saloons. But their numbers are not sufficient, even when combined with the votes named above, to give the voting strength that the saloon displays far too often, when it is menaced by legislation.

The real strength of the saloon, not only at the polls but in the community, is in a more or less numerous class of people who belong to the category of "respectable citizens." They do not want the saloons abolished, nor interfere with in any way. They are the backbone of the saloon vote, and they are a large factor in public opinion hostile to the execution of all restrictive or restrictive measures, such as Sunday closing laws, or other statutes of that nature.

It is obvious that a saloon cannot long exist unless it has patronage. As soon as it ceases to be profitable, it is closed. To be profitable, it must have enough customers to make it so. They must be men who have money, which they are willing to spend over the bar. It is these respectable drinkers who keep up the saloon vote, and it is they who must be largely brought over to the support of temperance legislation in any community before it will or can be made thoroughly effective for the purpose it was designed to effect.

There is no use of prohibitory legislation so long as this element is at all numerous in a community. With its tacit encouragement, the law will be defied or evaded, according to the strength of this element of opposition. The work which must be the initial effort of friends of prohibition must be the education of this very class for its objective point. We know this is difficult, slow and unpleasant. It is so much easier for your professional agitator to stand in a pulpit or on a platform before an audience which sympathizes with him, and abuse voters because they do not abjure their political affiliations and join the political prohibitionists. It is sweet to receive the incense of applause from those who think in the same way; it is so much easier and pleasanter than to go to a man and, in a Christian spirit, endeavor to lead him to see the error of his ways. But this work, even if unpleasant, is the first in line if we are to be successful in the effort to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

PROHIBITION NOTES.

McKeesport, Pa., increased the prohibition vote from 81 in 1890 to 184 in 1891.

The prohibition vote in Grove City, Pa., is 41; the democratic, 48; republican, 120.

"The attitude of the republican party on the liquor question is very promptly," writes a correspondent. "That has been the trouble with it for years."—N. Y. Voice.

AND we hereby bind ourselves to vote for no candidate for the legislature or for congress who is in favor of high or low license for the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks.—Norwegian and Danish M. E. Conference.

REVEREND of the prohibition party vote from 41 counties of Nebraska to the prohibition state committee, give Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender for supreme court judge 4,709 votes, as against 4,597 votes in the same counties last year for Paine, the prohibition party candidate for governor.

COMPLETE returns of the Pennsylvania election show that 790,071 votes cast for auditor-general, and 790,748 for state treasurer. The prohibition vote is reported at 18,461 for Hague for auditor-general, and 18,013 for Dayton for state treasurer, as against 18,008 cast for Gill, the prohibition candidate for governor last year.

WHAT a bull-dog fight that prohibition party is making anyway. Year after year they come up smiling only to go down without victory, and still they are not discouraged. They exhibit a tenacity that is simply wonderful.—Grand Rapids Democrat.

The maintenance of ranks unbroken is in itself a victory, and it will bring success.—N. Y. Voice.

Nevada at Work.

The Nevada prohibition state conference held at Reno, a few days ago, pledged the national prohibition committee its untiring co-operation for the campaign of 1892. The state committee planned and commenced a fund to be used for immediate work in the state. Nevada will nominate complete state prohibition tickets in the future, and will work for her share of the one million voters' agreements for our presidential candidate next year.



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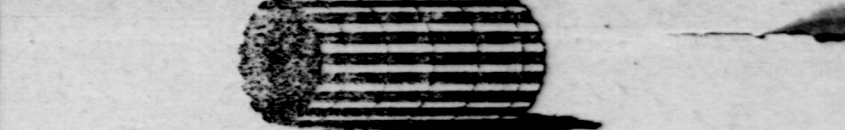


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## A Woman Mayor for Lexington.

The Blue Grass Blade which is cutting a clean wide swath and is read by more people who do not pay for it than any paper in the country, says "Lexington needs a woman Mayor." In view of the woman going on in that locality now we think so too. According to their own showing it will take more than swing corners with candidates or political parties, to effect a political spring cleaning in the city that claims to be the educational center of the State. We know several educated, level-headed, Christian women in Lexington who have executive ability, courage and determination enough to place their hand on the municipal helm and run the craft out of the slough of immorality and corruption, into the clear waters of sobriety and morality. Under such a reign fathers and mothers could rest easy because of the safe-guard that would be thrown around their children. If the city really wants a better state of things, nominate and elect a good and able woman and they will get it in short order.—*Versailles Clarion.*

Charles Moore, editor of that "dry" Journal, the Lexington Blade, is as fearless as a lion. His enemies try to "down" him, but he "won't down." This is a sample of his typographical worm-wood:

"This country is thoroughly over-run by a horde of roughs and toughs and bummers and thugs as Southern Europe was over-run by the Goths and Vandals. Political thieves and religious hypocrites are as thick as flies in dog days, and what we need is bold open defiance and opposition to these fellows."—*The Oenoboro Inquirer.*

## How I Manage My Sunday School Class.

Ex-Precator Charley Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade, claims to be equal to any theologian in the world, and to know everything in the Bible, but says that "Barabbas, a murderer, was crucified with Jesus." Our Bible says that Barabbas was a robber and that Pilate released him, as was the Jewish custom. It is more than probable that Barabbas was one of the active parties in crucifying our Lord. The names of the two thieves crucified with Jesus are not known so far as we know. Moore probably quotes from a "Revised" version. He will have to carry his revision farther and revise his theology.—*Kentuckian Citizen.*

You are a dear good old boy Bro. Craddock. Come around at Christmas and you shall have a box of oranges and a stocking with candy in it but you can't go up head because Miss Mary Hamilton of Lexington caught on first, and wanted to know about that Barabbas business.

The girls are always ahead of the boys, you know. I make these little "mistakes" every now and then just to keep you all watching, and to show you that even a great theologian is not always to be trusted, and that you must "search the Scriptures daily, whether these things are so."—*(Acts 17:11)*

Now I am going to give a question to the whole class, preachers and all, and will send the Blue Grass Blade for one year to the man that answers first; and then I will get even by betting you that the first man that answers will be a woman again. The question is: What were the names of the two men that were crucified with Jesus?

They are given, as authoritatively, to Bishop Wake and to me, as the name of Barabbas is given in the canon of Testament, as being the robber who was released. You will have to find an Apocryphal New Testament.

(The following was written by a Lexington lady.—Editor of Blade.)

## It is Reported.

That the Periodical Club is a good thing.

That the Kentucky Centennial is an assured success.

That a new Municipal party is forming in Lexington.

That Dennis Mulligan, since he went into the "farewell" business with Mary Anderson and Patti, has sold more of his "forty-year-old" whisky, in six months than he did before in twenty years.

That the School Journal meets the "long felt," and that its Christmas number, containing the portraits of twenty prominent Kentucky ladies, will show the rusty old "spear" people how.

"The thoughts of women widen with the process of the suns."

That Kentucky is the world's battle ground of Prohibition.

That the Prohibitionists of Lexington are rousing for the fray, and arming themselves with ballots and with blades.

That certain editors who dub their compeers, "Prostitutes," "Roaring Asses" and "Mad Dogs" object to "personalities" in journalism.

That the "Beauties" and "Restored Invalids" should exterminate the Kodakers of the press, who affront them with caricatures.

That a committee of tender-hearted ladies will wait on the editor of the B. G. B. to entreat him, in the name of humanity, to let up on poor Billy Silvertongue.

That the Reverend gentleman whose sensational address before the Y. M. C. A. broke the "conspiracy of silence" and defied the "social hush," was boosted to the effort by the Blue Grass Blade on one side, and the Boston "Arena" on the other.

That the friends of Judge Keen say he cut his political fingers, a little bit, when he undertook to handle a blade, on the brick pavements of Main street.

That pistols and pens are not "equal weapons" in the code duello.

That we are "all immortal till our work is done."

That Bill Nye declares that the man who wants to refuse whisky without a fight must go through Kentucky in the night.

That the spiritualists of Lexington are talking of starting a children's Progressive Lyceum.

That newspaper stories about pretty type writers are getting stale; that these are mainly honest women, working for an honest living in an honest way, and that the twaddle about them is simply uncalculated for insulting and disgusting.

That Santa Claus is in town.

That the pop corn stands are doing a good business.

That Lexington is an "Athens."

That we should believe nothing that we hear, and only half of what we see.

OMEGA.

## Versailles Clarion Sold.

The Versailles Clarion has been sold by its present editor, Capt. William Henry, to Mr. Tobias Gibson, of Versailles, who takes control at once. The Clarion was started by Frederick W. Henry, who met his death recently in such a sad and tragic manner on the engine of a C. and E. I. railroad train while reporting for the Chicago Inter-Ocean.—*Jessamine Journal.*

Mr. Gibson is a gentleman whom I am glad to claim as a relative. He is a Heidelberg University man, and scholarly. He is a brother of United States Senator Gibson of Mississippi, and a brother of Col. Hart Gibson of Lexington.

He is politically a Democrat, but I think is in sympathy with some of the modern reforms. It is to be hoped that in this regard he will maintain the high standard that the Clarion has on coming into his hands.

## Reduced Rates.

Reduced rates on the certificate plan have been granted by the Queen & Crescent Route for the following occasions. For rates, etc., apply to agents.

Meeting of the National Brick Manufacturers Association, at Washington, D. C. January 12th to 16th.

National Convention of Woman's Suffrage Association of America, Washington, D. C., January 17th to 21st.

National Burial Case Association at Atlanta, Ga. January 26th to 30th.

## Says Rev. Prof. McGarvey is a "Hell Ratler."

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Dec. 18, '91.

FRIEND MOORE:—This is to inform you that if you can send me a bundle of Blue Grass Blades containing the sermon of J. W. McGarvey on "Horse-racing, the Liquor traffic, Whoredom and Corruption in the city of Lexington," I will take great pleasure in distributing them where they will do the most good.

By the way, do you not think the reverend gentleman a hell ratting snallagoster on old Lexington? He's a veritable "Kiodler" I believe; and if we had a few more men made out of the same stuff composing his composition, we'd make the proprietors of the "murder mills" in the "dark and bloody ground," quake in their boots.

A hip and a hurrah for McGarvey. He's got convictions and isn't afraid to express them.

A. WILLIAMSON.

I told the preachers some time ago that if they would quit preaching about these old chestnuts like faith, repentance, baptism, falling from grace, final perseverance of the saints, total depravity, election and reprobation, foreordination, transubstantiation, damnation, trinity, Sabbath, sin against the Holy Ghost, Immaculate Conception, resurrection, inspiration, Bob Rogers and the devil, and go to preaching about things that we could see and understand about, and see what good could come out of it, we would have churches crowded full of people. Some of the preachers are doing so and they are packing the houses full

of "men only," the women having heretofore made much the larger part of the audiences.

If every sensible man in the house would get up and march out as soon as a preacher said anything about baptism and sprinkling babies the preachers would soon quit it.

If any preacher or priest in Lexington will take any of these great practical questions such as the liquor traffic, woman suffrage, lotteries, bagnes, gambling, horse-racing, the duty of the press, matrimony, divorce, capital and labor, debt, women's dress, dancing, baseball, honesty in business, the Chicago fair and other such, and discuss them from the Christian standpoint just as some ministers are now doing, Protestant and Catholic, Jews and infidels, men and women, would all go to church together.

## Wants to Swap Some of Her Christianity for Some of My Heathenism.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 14, 1891.

Editor Blue Grass Blade.

DEAR SIR:—Some one sent me your paper two or three months, and then I sent you \$1 and I can not tell how much I owe you.

If you will take the paper I am editing "The Ohio W. C. T. U. Messenger" in exchange for yours you may continue to send it; otherwise not. I am a firm believer in the Christian religion. Christianity means more than churchianity.

You bitterly oppose the latter but not the former, I trust.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) H. E. HAMMOND.

My dear madam, the Blade will come right along to you and don't you send me a nickel.

It's a bad state of affairs if you have to swap Christianity for heathenism and pay boot.

## A Little Free Advertisement of a Christian Woman's Club House in Lexington.

I have been drawing my rations for 54 years today, December 20, 1891. I have had a dinner that consisted of three courses and a bottle of wine—didn't drink the wine but had to pay for it the same—for 20 centimes, equal to 10 cents in American money. I have had a dinner, all by myself, without any help, that cost me a gold pound sterling, or "sovereign" equal to \$5 in our money. I have eaten at the big hotels at Niagara before the war, when they were the most proverbially extortionate places in the world.

As a gay and festive drummer known to have a pocket full of my employers' money, I have flitted from hotel to hotel, ad libitum, and sucked in their sweets like a bumble bee in a clover field. But the most extortionate bill I have ever paid for any grub that I ever ate was at the "Woman's Exchange" in Lexington the other day.

It's men's stated that it was run by some kind of a Christian Woman's organization, and I went there partly because I wanted to help the ladies, and the other part to help myself.

The next time I want to help that shebang, I will go and give them a half dollar and go somewhere else and buy my dinner. It will be about judgment day, or the day after, as I will probably be busy on the first day.

If ever I kicked about what I had to pay for anything to eat before, I do not now remember it. I did kick and did it vigorously, for I think anything that is worth doing is worth doing right; and it was to a lady who was managing.

She smiled complacently and said I would have to make my complaint to the lady president of the concern.

I would not say this except that I had had a similar experience there before.

I paid the most money for the least to eat, that was ordinarily good; with the poorest table outfit, the poorest house and the ugliest and blackest female African to wait on me, that I have come across in a pretty broad gastronomic experience. This is not a "paid local."

## TEMPERANCE NOTES.

PAWNEED HIS BEARD FOR DRINK.

How Tom and Jerry Spilled a Tankard and Broke an Engagement.

"When I first came to Kansas City, some twelve years ago," said a commission man to two or three friends who were enjoying a cigar in his office the other day, "one of the first young fellows I met here was Jim McNeerney. That wasn't his name, but I call him Jim because his name was John, and McNeerney is near enough to his name so that those who knew him at all will easily recognize him by the story I am about to tell."

"I haven't thought of Jim before for a long time, and the way I happened to think of him to-day, the day before Thanksgiving, is that this little incident happened on a Thanksgiving day. As you all know, we don't usually get much cold weather here before Thanksgiving, and many of us who came from the east and were in the habit of making Tom and Jerry a Thanksgiving drink were apt not to be able to find it on tap at the usual places where such drinks are dispensed on that day. But on this particular Thanksgiving we had had a few days

of cold weather with snow just previous, and on coming down to the office after breakfast I thought I would stop at Bishop & Christie's and see if I couldn't find a fresh bottle of the stimulating decoction. Sure enough, occupying the place of honor in the center of the bar was the big bowl of golden custard, and I was just about to drink when I saw that a mug when who should walk in but Jim.

"Now, Jim was considerably addicted to the flowing bowl. In fact, he was getting hilariously intoxicated and kicking in the office door and demolishing things generally. After each of these sprees he would register a solemn oath never to get full again, and just so sure when the proper time came around he would do the same thing over again."

"Well, as I said, in came Jim and of course I had to invite him to drink, which he did with great gusto, and as was his usual custom he struck me for a dollar. Jim was constitutionally broke. I gave him a dollar and went out and thought no more about him."

About midnight, just after I had returned from a little whisky party, the door bell rang and I was called to the door. There I confronted a big policeman who told me that a friend of mine by the name of McNeerney had been arrested for creating a disturbance and wanted me to come down and bail him out. At first I was inclined to let him stay there, but knowing if he didn't show up at his office in the morning he would lose his job I concluded I would go down.

"When I got to the station I was shown to the cell where he was locked up, fast asleep by this time, and I went in to wake him. When he stood up finally and looked at me I didn't recognize him. When I asked him where he was, he told me he was at the morning he wore a full beard and long, curly hair, but now he was clean shaven and his hair was clipped as closely as a jail-bird. I took him upstairs and deposited fifteen dollars for his fine, and took him out in the air and proceeded to sober him up. When he had regained his senses sufficiently to answer I asked him what was the matter."

"Tom and Jerry" was all the answer I could get out of him for a long time. Finally I got his story. It appears he had spent his dollar in short order, and everyone who came in got one, and then wanted another, which was refused him on the grounds that he had already been treated. So the thought occurred to him to go to the barber shop where he had credit and have his beard shaved off, so disguising himself that he could get another drink. The plan worked to a charm."

"He went back and had his mustache shaved off. On this new face he got another Tom and Jerry and then he was stuck. But no, another brilliant thought struck him and back he goes again and soon the clippers had made his curly hair as smooth as a billiard ball. Going up to his office and drawing on a skull cap he went back and worked the place for a third bowl. He had literally panned his hair and whiskers for Tom and Jerry."

"By this time he was feeling pretty well satisfied with himself, and, by the way, I don't remember that he was invited out to eat turkey at the home of his betrothed, started out there. His girl failed to recognize his smooth face and shaven head, and he was obliged to eat at a cheap restaurant. And that wasn't the worst of it. He was so full of himself that he was invited out to eat turkey at the home of his betrothed, started out there. His girl failed to recognize his smooth face and shaven head, and he was obliged to eat at a cheap restaurant. And that wasn't the worst of it. He was so full of himself that he was invited out to eat turkey at the home of his betrothed, started out there. His girl failed to recognize his smooth face and shaven head, and he was obliged to eat at a cheap restaurant. And that wasn't the worst of it. He was so full of himself that he was invited out to eat turkey at the home of his betrothed, started out there. 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